

new position in the west. One night he took his courage in his hands and asked her to be his wife and go with him where all memory of the past could be forgotten.

He knew by her looks that she loved him. But she would not.

"It is your pity for me, Ronald, not love," she said, sighing. "I love you, but I can never be your wife so long as this curse of blood lies on me."

"You acted rightly," he cried hotly. "No jury would have convicted you. Helen, dearest, forget it and come with me."

"I cannot," she answered sadly. "I must leave you and you must forget."

But on the next day something happened which drove all thoughts of parting from their heads. The wife of the murdered man was arrested, charged with the crime.

It was known that she had been in the city that day. She had threatened him; the negro janitor identified her as the woman he had seen near the apartment house. And Ronald and Helen watched the unfolding of the grim trial with dismay.

On the evening before the last day Helen spoke to Ronald about what lay uppermost in her mind.

"I cannot let that woman be convicted," she said. "I must go down to the court and offer my confession."

Ronald could not dissuade her. He knew that it was the only possible thing.

And all day they sat in the dreary courtroom listening to the intolerably long summing up. The jury had at last retired. Ronald had persuaded Helen not to speak unless the verdict was "guilty."

It was hours before the jury returned. A murmur spread through the courtroom. The face of the foreman was deadly white. He trembled and looked away from the prisoner's straining eyes. There could be no doubt what the verdict was.

Suddenly Helen sprang to her feet.

Ronald rose and kept his arm about her. She faced the prisoner and stretched out her hand.

But before a word could leave her lips the woman in the dock uttered a shriek and recoiled, clutching at the air.

"Yes, I am guilty," she cried. "He lied to me, deceived me. I learned that he was supporting another woman, who was passing as his wife. I dogged him to his home. I entered after him. I saw him in the hallway, and over his head a dagger hung. It seemed placed there for me. I struck him — and then the other woman came out — and she stands there!"

And she collapsed unconscious upon the floor.

Helen fell into Ronald's arms.

"It is true! It is true!" she cried.

"I remember everything!"

The verdict of manslaughter was further eased by a mercifully light sentence, and, with the obstacle to their marriage removed, Ronald and Helen went west, where they started upon their new life together.

MUTTISH MONOLOGUES

I've just come from Arkansas. Great state Arkansas.

Lot of brilliant men down there. Other day an Arkansas jury was sitting in a damage suit against a greedy railroad corporation for killing a cow.

Said the foreman: "If the bell had been rung as it ought to—if the whistle had been blown as it should have been blew—the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."

A wise judgment that.

Speaking of wisdom, my friend Casey got a job with the street car company. It's remarkable how that man has come to the front. He started as a conductor and now he's a motorman.

The doctor told him to take the conductor's job because his health was bad and he needed change.

He's since built a \$10,000 house with the change.